And now this pale Swan in her watrie neſt,
Begins the ſad Dirge of her certaine ending,
Few words (quoth ſhee) ſhall fit the treſpaſſe beſt,
VVhere no excuſe can giue the fault amending.
In me moe woes then words are now depending,
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poore tired tong.

Then be this all the taske it hath to ſay,
Deare husband in the intereſt of thy bed
A ſtranger came, and on that pillow lay,
VVhere thou waſt wont to reſt thy wearie head,
And what wrong elſe may be imagined,
By foule inforcement might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy LVCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke midnight,
VVith ſhining Fauchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And ſoftly cried, awake thou Romaine Dame,
And entertaine my loue, elſe laſting ſhame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my loues deſire do contradict.

For